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A REMARKABLE CHARACTER

A Contemporary of Washington, Jeffersem and Adams.

He Beard the Cannon of Waterloo, and Lived to Know That Cleveland Was Elected to the Presidency.

flas. Grant Wilson in New York Observer.] It is not an everday occurrence to meet with a well-preserved man of the world who is so near a century old that he wore a beard long before his friend Bismarck was born. He was living when Washington was first elected to the Presidency of the United States, and perfectly remembered the announcement at Reval, Russia, of his death. and survived to read in the papers of that country the news of the election of his succersor, Grover Cleveland, Born in the reign of the Empress Catherine, he knew her son who was murdered in the month of March. 1801, and witnessed the coronation of his successors, Alexander I., Nicholas and Alexander II., and to the writer expressed regret that the infirmities of age prevented his attending in the summer of 1883 the coronation in Mosscow of the present Emperor. The venerable men saw the rise and fall of the First Napoleon, and witnessed a Third Napoleon topple to his rain, and a second Empire crumble into dust. He was acquainted with the second, third, fourth and fifth Chief Magistrates of our country, and clearly recalled the gloom which settled over London when the news arrived of the capture of the British frigate Guerriere by the Constitution, and the rejoicing and firing of the Tower guns in the same city, when Broke's despatch was received announcing the Shannon's victory over the always unlucky Chesapeake. He knew Bayard, the grandfather of the Secretary of State, and all the other signers of the Treaty of Ghent, and heard the cannon of Napoleon and Welling. ton at Waterioo.

Bis Excellency Count Nicholas Pahlen. the venerable man of whom I write, was born at Reval, May 21, 1788. His father, General Count Pablen, was one of the great German nobles of the Province of Esthonta, who possessed large estates on the south side of the Gulf of Finland.

At the period of the Emperor Paul's assassination he was the Governor of St. Petersder to the throne of Rossia by strangling his father. After completing his clarsical studies the young count accompanied an elder brother appointed Minister to the United States in 1810, and spent two years with him in Washington, mingling in the best society of that city, and also of Baltimore. Philadel-phia, New York and Boston. In 1811 he was, with the Russian Minister, the guest for several days of Themas Jefferson at Monticello. and during the same year the brothers visited John Adams at Quincy. He had vivid recollections of President and Mrs. Madison and of their pleasant dinners; of James Monroe and Atbert Gallatin, as well as of the other members of Madison's Cabinet, and was acquainted with all the prominent people of that period, "most of whom," as he said to the writer in April, 1883, "have been dead for half a century!" He remembered the magnificent distances and shabby, straggling houses of Washington, and 'the beautifu girls of Baltimore." "Are they still as lovely as they were seventy years ago?" asked the lively old bachelor of ninety-five!

Count Pahlen went from Washington to England in 1812, and soon became quite lion in London society, and was well acquainted with Prince Regent and a frequent guest at Devonshire and Holland Houses. He was well known to Byron, Scott, Wash ington Irving and Geothe, and often dined at Apeley House with the "Iron Dake." About 1820 he went to Paris, where his brother was Ambassador for many years, and in 1826 proceeded to Italy. While sojourning at Venice in 1838 he was summoned to Russia by the Emperor Nicholas, but did not long remain in his native land. When he reappeared in England he was again a persona grata at all "Mont Blancs" of the social struggle, such as Stafford House. Holland House, Devonshire House and Straw berry Hill, and his memory was richly stored with ancedotes of Beau Brummell, Lady Jersey and other society magnates of that day and generation. He was one of the most renowned of whist players, and when passing through Berlin or Vienna, on his way to Russia, he won the enormous sum of one hundred thousand dollars from Prince John

L'chienstein at a single sitting. When I became acquainted with the Count he was physically weak, requiring the assistance of his valet to walk or rise from his chair, but his mental faculties were as clear and bright as ever. He was, like his friend John Randolph, a master of earcasm and invective, of which characteristic the writer witnessed several instances. He was very tall and slight, with long limbs and arms his figure strongly resembling President Lin coln's. His free was much finer, with much of the patrician in look and bearing, and with wonderfully bright and expressive blue eyes. His linguistic acquirements were so admirable that it was impossible to detect the slightest accent in his English, French, German or Italian. The old Count, who wrote a firm hand to the last, and without the aid of glasses, was fond of talking of the past, and he found in the writer an attentive listener, so that during several weeks which passed under the same roof Riviera in the spring it was my good fortune to hear many charming incidents of bygone personages and events, and much interesting information concerning people of present day. Of Alexander III, he said The Emperor is probably the strongest man in Europe. When he was shown a few years ago a rod or bar of iron which had been bent by his ancestor, Peter the Great, he took hold of it and straightened it out again. He can twist a silver rouble into a roil with as little apparent effort as you would a visiting card, and for the amusement of his children bas twisted kitchen pokers in coils about their necks. These astonishing statementwere fully indorsed a few months later by the American Minister at St. Petersburgh. who added to the foregoing as follows: "The Leaperor is particularly fond of wrestling with his sons' tutor, a big, stardy English man, who is usually vanquished, although he nics his utmost strength and skill. The contest is usually concluded," said Judge Hunt, 'by the Emperor throwing him headlong into a snowbank or over a fence. I do not believe that even the eminent Bostonian.

Mr. Sallivan, could successfully exchange blows with him " What has been your rule of life in regard to your health? I one day inquired of the old Count, to which he made answer: "I never had any, and never concerned myself about it. Although I have led a sedentary life, I have always been well, and I have now no malady except the incurable one of

For many years Count Pahlen spent his winters at Crones. Among his frequent vis-itors while we were together were the Prince of Wales, the Compte de Paris, the Duke of Arayll, Mr. Gladstone, and many other men of distirtion who were sojourning that season at this most charming of Riviera resorts.

Louis Kossuth said of Pahlen a few months later, "Your old friend is one of the best informed men in Europe. He has never held any office, but has spent his long life in the capitals of Europe, and has doubtless been serviceable to Russia as one of her secret sgents." The late Duke of Wellington in a letter to the writer, dated April, 1888, says: "If Count Pahlen is the same man that I

Russian is that they are not permitted to live abroad unless they do some dirty and disagreeable work for their Government. However, I can well understand their permitting your venerable triend, who is intimate with our Prince, the Comte de Paris, Argyll, Gladstone, and all the notabilities now at Cannes, to live abroad for the purpose of convincing the world that Russians are not 'Bears.' Besides, the son of a regicide is unpleasant company at home.'

A letter just received from London con-tains the following lines: "Dear old Count Pahlen, aged ninety seven, has passed away at his winter home in Cannes. Another and a most remarkable link with the past gone! His grandfather, whom he remembered, was a friend of Peter the Great. How strange that but one life should intervene between you and me and the Russian Emperor, who died one hundred and sixty years ago!" By this my correspondent means that Count Pahlen knew one of the contemporaries of Peter the Great, who was born more than two hundred years ago. In conclusion it may be most truthfully said of the venerable

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died. But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long, Even wondered at because he drope d no

Fate seemed to wind him up for four-score (and ten) years,
Yet freshly ran he on six winters more,
Till like a clock worn out with eating time.
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Written for the Sunday Sentinel. THE PROFESSIONAL JUROR.

BY MOUNTJOY.

I am always sorry to hear my brother lawyers abuse professional jurora. I have a deep sympathy for them. When I hear a young sprig of a lawyer ask an old broken down merchant the question, "Mr. Brown, have you served on a jury during the last year," and, before half the words are uttered, poor old Brown reaches convulsively for his bat under his chair, and starts for the door -I pity Brown. I regret, too, the inhumanity of the profession. The worn out steamboat captain, the bankrupt commision merchant, the retired railroad conductor, the shabby old assessor, the respectable German who owns his own house, but has no business, the man whose wife has a small income on which and the jury fees he lives, the man who lost his leg in a threshing machine-these are before me now as they are in person nearly every day in the jury box. Could there possibly be better material to decide cases? They are absolutely impartial. They dare not decide cases contrary to the things, keeping always near a running burgh, the dreaded Chief of Police, and the right because their occupation would then be gone. Their reputation is like Cassar's wife's. I appeal to the Indianapolis hardid one of them ever hear of a professional pror baving formed an opinion? Was ever an affidavit filed against a professional luror charging that he had been offered money, that he had talked to a witness or Counsel? Such a thing is unbeard of. There is notuse of ever Major Gordne's attacking one of them because he read a newspaper containing an account of the murder. They never read newspapers As men they may have incidentally heard that a man and his wife and their four children were found weltering in their blood-but as jurors they knew nothing of the case One thing always strikes me as marvelous-the professional juror bas no kin. There never were any parties in court to whom they are related by blood or marriage. I have advised several letigious persons to put up and marry the daughters of professional jurore, to as to keep out of the

What wisdom they possess! Their verdicts have built up Indiana as she has marched from a wilderness to an Empire! They are too old at the business to be cajoled by lawyerr. They have heard all our fine bursts of eloquence so often, that, against their common sense, the stream trickles harmlessly away. How they temper justice with money There is no use of saying to them that man who killed the adulterer or the seducer is guilty of murder. They know better than that. They know that he is not even guilty of manslaughter. They listen to the judge very respectially. He and they are old friends and mutually respect each other. Then they go out, and, after waiting long enough to get their dinner at the expense of the county, they come in with "not guilty as charged in the indictment." A righteous verdict rays all the press and the people Shall we begrudge them their dinner? Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Will you muzzle the ox that treadeth out the grain,

As to impartality was ever a set of men so mpartial? There was one old fellow-on whom in the rare cases in which he was not eligible to sit as juror, we always had to swear to the reason. He would try a case one term with some rustics, who did what he never did in his life, hung the jury. The next term he would answer all the formal questions showing perfect qualification. I was necessary to show by the record that he had served as a juror in the same case at the preceding term. Then we had to let him go. and both sides were sorry. On one occasion when the jury went out this juror immedi ately moved that "we find for the plaintiff. A country man suggested that they should discuss the case a little. Thereupon my friend immediately moved that "we find fo the defendant." Upon being remonstrated with by a "tenderfoot," he said he wanted to get home, he had chicken for dinner. I submit that there is no finer example in histor of absolute impartiality. I once tried a case two days in a rural district. At the end of that time the jury were sent out, and, after being out some time, came into Court and were asked if they had agreed on a verdict. The foreman answered yes, and handed to the Clerk this verdict: "We, the jury, can't agree." Would a professional jury have ever done such a silly act as that? Your professional juror is like your professional politician. He is honest because his honesty is his capital. I look over Southern Indiana for thirty odd years. I see in every county the men who ruled their fellows politically They were always in office, sometimes clerk, son etimes assessor, sometimes township trustee. They fixed eve y county convention. They handled the public moneys, but they did poor-as Ton Benton said a public man ought to dre-as Madison, Jefferson, Monroe, Clay, Benton, and a host of others died. They could not afford to steal. It would have destroyed the only capital they had. And so with the professional

There was one objection to the professiona politician which in these modern days would have operated againt him. He was an "offensive partisan." If he was a Democrat he was dyed in the wool. He was anti-tariff states' rights, and hated an Apolitionist. It he was a Republican every Democrat was a copperhead and a traitor. He did not know the meaning of the phrase "Bureau of Offen-sive Partisanship," but he did know that a Democrat or Republican who failed to vote a straight ticket ought to be shot. He didn't understand how iu a popular Government you could change the Government unlers you changed the men who administer public affairs. For that matter, we, his successors, are no wiser than he was. The great bulk of us don't see any use in having elections at all if the same old cusses are to run the Government. If we can't "put the rascals out," and it, having won office by being "offensive partieans," we are to be turned out because we continue to act on our principles, we will quit politics altogether and go into the one profession which is purer than even "clvil service reform"-that of the professional

Love Letters of the Great.

Bloomington Through Mail. This thing of publishing the love letters of "If Count Pahlen is the same man that I used to know very well, he is the son of the count who strangled the Emperor Paul, and and noblest man the world ever produced would make him appear a soft-headed fool. The backs of the grammare and lexicons, career as an actor when he died.

THE HOME.

it is not doubted that men have a home in that place where each one has established his hearth and the sum of his possession and fortunes, whence he will not depart if nothing calls him away; whence if he has departed he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he ceases to wander. Condition from Civil Law.

"Then stay at nome, my heart, rest, The bird is safest in the nest; O'er all that flutter their wings and fly. A hawk is hovering in the sky.

YOUNG FOLKS.

To our Baby. April brought to us, dear, April, with its sun and showers, April, with its dainty flowers, April, with its strong young breeze, Whispering through the leadless trees: Now the dreary Winter's done Now comes Spring with flowers and sun.' Our dear baby-girl was born.

Quickly flew the days away, Came the "merrie month of May." Cool for morning, sunny noon.

Welcomed in the month of June, Soft we sang the lullaby

Through the long days of July. Flowers drooped and pined away In the heated August day.

Raindrops falling low and clear, Breathed aloud, "September's here."

Leaves grew purple, red and gold, As October days were told

And each day much shorter grew As November by us flew.

Low and sweet the anthem rings To the day December brings.

White and cold the snowdrifts lay-January passed away. Colder still the sharp winds blew-

February days were few. Birds again began to sing: March had come and with it Spring,

Clouds are bright in April sky; Summer's coming by-and-by.

And there twelve months make the year That we've loved you, baby dear. -Youth's Companion.

The Gorilla.

[Frank Maynard, in Treasure-Trove.] The gorilla s home is in the densest and loneliest parts of western Africa, in the deep valleys, on the rugged heights or on plateaux covered with massive rocks. Although it is such a powerful animal and has large and strong teeth, it lives entirely on vegetables, fruit, seeds, nuiz, and bananaleaves. It wanders about in search of these stream.

The gorilla does not spend all of its time in the trees, but rests and sleeps on the ground leaning against a log or tree. The young ones sleep in the trees for safety, and go about in groups of six or eight; their sense of hearing is so acute that it is very difficult for a hunter to get within gunshot, The sound of a gun irritates a gorilla to such a degree that unless it is killed it astacks the hunter with such violence that both himself and his weapon are in the greatest danger. The gorilla uses its arms, feet and teeth for protection, and a single blow from its foot, which is armed with short, curved nails, is

enough to fracture a man's skull. When a gorilla is attacked it utters a short jerking, and sharp bark, like an angry dog; this is succeeded by a low growling, resembling distant thunder. The echo of these roars is so deep, and the growling so strange and threatening that the pravest hunters be come awed. A well directed ball, however. will at once kill one of these animals, and it dies as easily as a man.

The female gorilla is very fond of its young and at the approach of danger will not stop to attack the hunter, but at once runs away with the young gorillas clinging around her neck. Europeans have not the heart to kill so affectionate a mother, but the negroes do not have this scruple.

The appearance of a gorilla is peculiar. Its eyes are deeply buried beneath their arches; its aws are large, and its great cutting teeth are always exposed to view. The neck is very short, the forehead flat, the ears small and on a line with the eyes; the nose is a mere protuberance. The chest and shoulders are extremely wide, and the immensely long muscular arms give the creature such strength that it can double up a gun-barrel like a picce of whalebone. The short legs make one of the characters which mostly distinguishes this animal from man. The hands are enormous in proportion, massive, thick and covered with hair; the foot is like the hand of a giant.

The Africans have a superstitious fear of the gorillas, believing them to be haunted with the spirits of their dead chiefs.

Tom's Sophomore Year.

[Youth's Companion.] Tom stood in the middle of the room with his bands in his pockets, and, whistling softly, looking about him.

It was a plain little room just under the roof, but it had been Tom's room ever since he had had one of his own, and he was attached to it.

But in a day or two, so he was saying to himself, he was to leave it for nearly a year. There, near the head of the bed, stood his trunk-a funny old trunk that had belonged to his grandfather, and was covered with hairy hide fastened with brass nails.

He had just been packing it, and a glance at its contents told where he was going to spend the coming year. For besides his clothing might be seen green-covered Latin and Greek grammars. leathern-bound lexicons, an algebra, a geom-

etry, a copy of Livy, and several other books which spike of a college course. For three days later, at his college in country town more than a hundred miles away, Tom Sargent intended to make his first appearance as a learned Sophomore. "Just to think!" be said to himself. "It's "Just to think!" be said to himself. "It's watched over your cradle by night and day; only three days now, and then I'll see all the how she carried you in her aching arms and sllows. Won't we have some pow-wows And won't we dig into the old classics and mathematics?" and he gave a boyish shuffle

on the floor to give vent to his delight. Just then he heard a step below his window, and looking out, he saw his father entering the vard on foot. 'Why, father!' cried Tom, suldenly, "Did you waik all the way home?"

"Yes." "Why, where's Topsy?" Topsy was Mr. Sargent's little b'ack horse that he had had for years; and now that he was getting old, and growing heavier and more bulky as age crept on, he had done but little walking in his business about town. but made Topsy his invariable companion. "Where's Topey, father?" asked Tom

"Well Tom," said his father, laying down his knife and fork, "I suppose I've sold

'Sold Topsy!" cried Tom. "Did you know

t, mother? But his mother's face was answer enough. "Why, what for, father?" Tom continued. Sold Topey? And the new baggy you bought last year, to make your driving easy; have you sold that too?"

"Yes, I've practically sold them both. The bargain isn't really closed, but Joe Watson has taken them to try, to-day, and if his offer's fair I shall take it.' "Why, father," said Tom, in a remonstrating tone, as he brushed back his stiff hair.

between your shop and the folks that work for you, all the time, You can't walk all "I must cut down expenses," said Mr ISarrent. "I've run behind, this last year. There's no other way."

"Why, your business keeps you travelling

Nothing more was said. After dinner Tom went up to his room again, and sat down on a corner of the trunk. Topsy sold! And the buggy sold! It did not seem possible. And to think of his fa-

emiling up at him from the trunk, made him For the Sunday Sentinel.

He rose, and shut down the cover of the trunk, and stood for a long time with his hands in his pocket, looking out of the window There was a very pretty landscape of green pastures and woodlands outside, but Tom saw nothing of it. His eyes seemed to be fixed on some far away place beyond the

herizon. After a while he turned and began to pace the room. Then he paused by his trunk, and opened it again, and looked in. What pleas ant suggestions it offered, what promises it

The room was small and plain, and Tom was by no means a good-looking boy. But such boys are sometimes the heroes, and such rooms the battle grounds of contests which make no noise in the world, and which yet demand as much pluck and character in the victor, as has many a famous contest for

a kingdom and a crown. Tom continued his walking to and fro in the little room, whistling now and then, and from time to time throwing himself into a chair restlessly.

The afternoon wore away. The sun dropped till it seemed to rest an instant on a peak which Tom could see from his window, and then the room suddenly grew derk. The change seemed to rouse Tom to a de-

cision. He put on his hat, and a moment later was walking toward the center of the town. The next morning, when breakfast was ready, Tom was not on hand. But just as his father and mother were beginning to wonder

where he could be, what should they see but Tom, driving Topey up to the door, and hitching her to the post. "Tom," said his father, as he came in, "what does this mean?"

"It means you're going to keep Topsy, sir, answered Tom, going up to his father, and putting a hand on each shoulder. "Father, I've thought it all over, and I've decided not to go back to college this year, but to stay at home and work. That will be enough saving, so that you can keep the horse and buggy, and I'll lay up what I earn, and pay my own way when I go back to college next year. I'm young enough to wait. So you musn't say a word. I'd rather do it, and it won't hurt me a bit."

And it didn't hurt Tom. When his sophomore year did begin, he was better able to appreciate the worth of the studies. He was happy too, in knowing that his pleasure and profit were gained without subtracting from those of others.

Written for the Sunday Sentinel. A Talk With the Girls. By Aunt Marjorie.

Dear girls (and boys too) let me speak a word to you in regard to the way we treat our mothers. There are few of you who realize how much your happiness and comfort depend on the dear one whose every thought and anxiety is to further your interests and pleasures. Few of you, I think, realize how much you love your mother, until too late; so accustomed are you, frem your childhood's earliest days, to see her sacrifice her own comfort and pleasure to yours that you forget to look upon such actions as sacrifices

and take it as only your natural right. How many of you are there who can not look back and count numbers of times when the poor tired mother took upon her own shoulders the duties that she should have performed in order that you might go and spend a pleasant hour with your companions, even though you could not help but see the weary look in the patient eyes-even though you caught the suppressed sigh which was not intended for your ears. But did you not pass it over lightly in your

How many of you can not remember a time when mother sat up late at night when the nousehold were in bed and you yourself, perhaps, wrapped in slumber, while she, with aching eyes and fired limbs stiched patiently away in order to finish the new dress which you were so anxious to wear on the morrow; and yet did you give her any word of endearment or thanks to cheer her loving heart? Have you not, even, on such occasions, spoken to her impatiently, if perhaps, the dress or garment did not meet with your approval in all respects?

It has not been so great a while since a young lady, well known to the writer accompanied her mother to the train which was to carry her away on a short journey, and, when the bell rang for starting, in her hurry to descend from the car, and in her youthful thoughtleseness, she neglected to kiss her mother good-bye. That mother who had been the truest, kindest mother that human ever had; who would have braved death a thousand times for her careless child. Oh: the wistful, yearning look in the tender blue eyes! The next time her eyes gazed on that mother's face it lay calm and peaceful in the | said it will contain what afterwards proved my sterious sleep of death. Oh, what thoughts were hers at that moment! What would she not have given for one last loving farewell kiss-for one moment in which to pour out to her all that love and gratitude which then swelled her heart almost to bursting. How memories came rushing of times without number when the poor tired heart might bave been cheered by an endearing wordwhen the poor tired shoulders might have been lightened of their load by a helping hand. But now, alas, too late, too late, and in its anguish and remorse her soul cried out to its God to be forgiven!

Not until you are mothers yourselves will you fully realize the extent and unselfishness of a mother's love. Then and not till then you will fully realize how your mother in without one th self; how she hung over your couch in sickness and would not leave you until all danger was past; how, through the long, weary vigils of the night, her love compassed you about and her care and tenderness held you back from the dark waters which were waiting to

engulf you. And then through all your childish troubles did she ever refuse to sympathize and console-did not mamma's kiss heal all your

bumps and bruises? A mother's love, it seems to me, comes nearer the perfection of divine love than any other. Through all the sins, misdemeanors and disrespectful conduct of her children a mother pities, grieves, forgives and loves on.

Girls, and boys too, pauce a moment in your gay thoughtlessness and give your mind to this subject, and so conduct yourselves that when the hour comes in which you stand looking down for the last time into that still face which has so often brightened at your coming, into those closed eyes which have so often wept with and for you, at those pale hands folded forever now, but which have so often busied themselves for your comfort or smoothed your aching head in times past-when you stand thus, and look back into the years that are gone never to be recalled, it may be "without fear and without reproach."

The Booths. Philadelphia Times |

John B. Ford has been a great many years a power in amusement business in the country. He must be over sixty, fully forty years of which has been spent in theatricals. He has managed all the Booths that have ever been on the stage. I began, he said, with the father, and Edwin, John and Junius Brutus have played for me I regard Wilkes as the greatest of them all. He had more physical beauty and intellectual power than any of them. As "Raphael" in the "Marble Heart," he was the greatest that was ever seen, and his "Richard the Third" has never been approached. Yet you remember I speak

INCOMPLETE.

BY BRIAR.

I think the words that are sweetest Are the words that are never said, And the moments that pass the fleetest Are the last ones with the dead.

The thoughts that are truest and bravest

Are the ones that are never expressed, And the tender love thou cravest For fear is never confessed. I know the friends that are truest

Are those we know in our dreams, Though we feel the one who is newest Is very near what he seems.

Is the true love we just have lost,

The rose tha is sweetest and fairest Is the one that is killed by the frost, And the love that is dearest and rarest

SUCIAL GOSSIP.

Education may not prevent crime, but it is a crime to prevent education. Too great boldness is mere brassiness; a modest demeanor always pleases.

Where one man gets weary hunting for rest ten get tired hunting for pleasure.-Jud La-Whitehall Times: Wild oats that are

sown in the heydays of life are often reaped in the bades of eternity. It is a bachelor who always knows how a child should be brought no, but he largets it after marriage.-Boston Post.

And now it is all the rage to paint flowers and land capes on large, square crackers and render them useless, even for dog feed. The best thing ever said of ghosts was said by Coleridge, when asked by a lady if he be-

lieved in them: "No, madam, I have seen

too many to believe in them." "Don't marry a man who as a boy was not always kind, loving and helpful to his sister," says a philosopher, who evidently wants all the girls to die old maids.

Some men are more beholden to their bit terest enemies, than to friends who appear to be sweetness itself. The former frequently tell the truth, but the latter never. - Cato. Charles Reade: The fortunate man is he who, born poor, or nobody, works gradually up to wealth and consideration, and having got them, dies before he finds they were not

worth so much trouble. One of the best religious poems of the age. which is adopted in all religions, is the exquisite one which Father Ryan italicized as "A Thought," but which is entitled in all cast a daily crop of buttons, and keeps up a the collections where it is found, "Follow

Oliver Wendell Holmes: Don't von know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? One would think they had been built in your parlor study, and were waiting to be

Hawthorne: Thank Providence for spring. The earth, and man himself by sympathy with his birth-place, would be far other than we find him if life toiled wearily onward without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Carlyle: The man without a purpose is

like a ship without a rudder, a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well. but have a purpose, and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you. "And our dim eyes ask a beacon, and our weary feet a guide

And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the meaning and the key And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it hangs And He answered all our yearnings by the whis "Smart" and "crisp" are the latest cant terms in Leudon, the former meaning fash

ionable, "high-toned," or exclusive, and the

latter signifying an arrival at the highest

spex of "style." Thus "smart" people are the "upper-ten," and a "crisp" woman is one clothed in the extremity of the mode. Theodore Parker once said, "Reform goes forward in the same way that a field is ploughed. The man who drives the team urges it on, while another holds to the plough tail, pulls back and bears down. By this means a deeper furrow is drawn; the

soil is more thoroughly broken and better

prepared for an abundant crop.' Miss Rhea has added to her repertory a new play called "The Power of Love." It is by Sardou, and was acted in Paris under the name of "Piccolina." The play was produced for the first time in this country at Baltimore on Saturday night, and it is reported that Miss Rhea was well received. Miss Rhes ensets a boy in the piece, a young sculptor, and wears male apparel.

The uncertainty of human judgment often illustrated in the enormous success of books which publisher after publisher refused to publish. And in Paris they are talking of establishing an art gallery for the exhibition of pictures that have at different times been rejected from the salon. It is to be some of the best pictures of the best artists.

"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful," devoutly murmured Ducenbury, sitting with folded hands at the dinner table. Then looking disdainfully over the dishes set before him. he snarled: "Good gracious, Maria, how many times do you want me to tell you that dont hanker for cabbage and corn beef more than three times in one week .- Boston

"When your father and your mother forsake you, Johnny, do you know who will take you up?" "Yes, sir," said he. "And who?" said the friend. "The police," was Johnny's answer. Parents will do well to con ider the truth there is in this reply. The parent who is too much engaged, or too seltish, to look after the training of his child, need not be surprised to see the child come to serious harm.

Not Lost. The stars that disappear at morn, Oh, think not they are fled; They are not lost, they are not gone, But 'mid the glory shed Around them by the source of light, it is the night that's dead.

> Why They are Barred, Bob Burdette. 1

"Why can not women make good lawyers?" asks an exchange. We never gave this subject much thought, but we suppose it is because they can't sit on the small of their backs, pile their feet on a table, spit half way across the room into a box full of sawdust and charge \$15 a minute for it There may be some minor reasons in addition, but these appear to us to be the principal obstacles in the way to her success at the

> Happiness. [Bulwer Lytton.]

There is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this: A sincere and unrelenting activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unswearable in truth. In that pursuit we have all scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and none for the petty passions which our nature is heir to.

Foolish Preaching. |Boston Herald.|

The idea that the Creator who made the colt to play, the lamb to skip, the dog to frolic, the child to crow and laugh, and all creatures to be glad in their own way, regards pleasure es so alien to Himself that "man can not love God and pleasure at the rame time," is monstrous. The varied moods of man are b the echo and reproduction of the mood of the infinite God who made and yet effectually as PRICKLY ASH BITTERS.
man in Hi wn image. No better proof of A trial will satisfy you of its merits. of him as a young man just beginning his | the mood of the infinite God who made

the divine origin of our religion could be adduced than its persistent survival of so much erroneous teaching and foolish preaching.

The Old Proverb.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.] The old proverb about ministers' sons may or may not be considered to be corroborated by the fact that the son of a Presbyterian clergyman has just succeeded the son of a Baptist clergyman as President of the United

Put Out Your "L." Here's a bit of savice for some Of the excellent women (kBo w. It is given with kindest intent and I hope they will all take it so. Don't when talking inundate your friends With my children, my husband and my New dresses, my servants and my cares -In a word or two put out your "I."

For though interesting to you The illness that Johnny befell To the very minutest detail, From the first day until he got well. Other people - and kindly ones, too -Will hear the account with a sigh O, weariness. Spare them I pray; In a word or two put out your " !. Now mind I'm not saying that you

Should never for sympathy seek;

I'm only entreating you not Of yourself and belongings to speak Forever and ever, as if There was no one else under the sky. For there are folks it vexes so much That they wish they could put out your "1." -Margaret Eytinge.

> "That Boy!" [Cedar Rapids Republican.]

Has he cressed your busy pathway-that

visible incorpation of surcharged energy

with a wild "halloo," takes time by the fore-

lock with a determination that defies defeat,

goes to bed with a bounce that sets the springs

to clattering like a million castinets and in

five minutes is cound asleep gathering new

strength for the morrow. He opens doors

with a rush and closes them with a bang, or

closes them not at all, leaving them quiver-

ing upon their trembling hinges with the

suddenness of the shock-dances an im-

promptu jig upon the slippery cellar doors

te the imminent peril of his spinal column

and shies his hat at the chickens until thatar-

ticle is reduced to a hopeless and melancholy

state of demoralization. He scales the fence

when to enter by the gase would be far more

easy, and climbs the pillars of the porch

with a reckless disregard of paint and

patches. He gets up a perfect sys-

and seat of his knickerbockers-sows broad-

state of perpetual divorcement between his

wine from every door knob and picture

cord, and when commanded to desist leaves

little exasperating ends and loops dangting

from every point. He ties papers upon the kitten's feet and goes wild with uprogrious

glee at her frantic efforts to unshoe herself.

He asks questions until he resolves himself

into a perpetually active interrogation point,

responding to each reply with a satisfied

"Oh!" that is a volume of expression in

itself and a revelation to his listeners. He

blacks his shoes in the family ash pile or the

dust upon the beaten highway, and adds to

their polish by a generous sprinkling at the

family pump. When reminded that cleanli-

ness is next to godliness, he dips his small

brown hands in the water, deposits the soil

stains upon the clean end of the towel and

with a hearty rub at his rosy freckled cheeks

is off and away without a moment's warning.

He goes a fishing the long day through,

coming home at nightfall with tired feet

and empty stomach, dilapidated ward-

robe and one torlorn little "minny"

as the result of a whole day's sport. He is

the possessor of a quenchless appetite-ever

ready to interview the cookie jar always

wondering "what is there good to eat. and

twinkling of an eye the promise is forgotten,

it passeth away like a tale that is told of a

lower cut down at noon tide. Eager, rest-

less and undaunted, he dashes on his merry

way, compelling one to perpetual wathful-

ness, and a perpetual wonder if the cares and

dignities of life will ever sober his joyous

face, slacken his bounding step or write their

Have you seen "that boy" to day? Out

under the summer sky and in the soft sun-

light; do you hear his merry laugh, the pat-

ter of his busy feet or the sweet, faint echo

of his childish songs? The doors open and

shut quietly enough now; the kitten slum-

bers unmolested upon the sunny doorstep;

the velocipede stands idly in its "stall" and

The mellow sunbeams fall upon a new

made grave; the small brown hands are

folded and the dancing feet at rest. A sol-

emp hush has settled down upon the home

a silence fraught with tears and heavy with

The Learned Professor and I.

Bob Burdette.

of Ann Arbor. The professor was a foot

and a haif taller than the Esgle man; he

wore beautiful clothes and a splendid dia-

mond, and the Eagle man felt greatly abashed

in his presence. I waited, after the intro-

duction, to hear the professor speak some

Greek, with Mr. George Riddle's pure Oxford

"Hain't saw much of your writin' in

I said, timidly, as I construed the profes-

"No, I am writing exclusively for the

Abashed by his pure Achaian accent,

bashfully said that I now lined my beautiful

and instructive discourses with a pinion

plucked from the wing of the bird of the

broad and sweeping wing whose eyrie was

"Hab!" said the professor; "that's a good

joke. Come down to-night and see Miss

Effie skate all over Limber Jim. the Saszat-

And when I gazed at his card I knew he

Brethren, let us give the rum traffic a rest

Wind fight; otherwise known as the inter-

It is awful. Oh, dreadfully awful. It

you were only on once in a while it wouldn't

be so bad. But you aren't. All the time

The whole amount of life insurance now

in force in the United States is \$2 000,000,-

Neither mental nor physical labor can be

accomplished satisfactorily unless the system

is in order. When you feel tired, languid

wearied without exertion, the mind slow to

act, and requiring great mental effort, you can rest assured that your Liver is not acting

properly, and that nature requires assistance to help throw off impurities. There is no remedy that will accomplish this so mildly

you are off. Hence it is offal, Some offal,

State collegiate oratorical contest; and the

for about ten minutes. What is dragging the

was a professor of roller skating.

American people away from

Mesonic lodge; and the

Foot race; and the

Regatta; and the

Sociable; and the

Base ball match; and the

Croquet quarrel; and the

Commencement; and the

Tennis court; and the

Prayer meeting; is the

Roller skating rink.

000.

at 34 38 Fulton street, Brooklyn, inclusive.

"Brooklyn Niggle?" said the professor.

pronunciation. The prefessor said:

I met the professor on the train just west

MRS. L. M. LATHAM.

heartaches and all the world is desolate!

story in wrinkles on his brow.

the busy games are ended

Marion, Iowa.

Nawkeye lately?"

chewan chempion.

Home; and the

Eagle, now."

sor's Fourth Ward Greek:

knees

tem of yentilation in the

In From One to Twenty Minutes. and vitality; that human representation of No matter now violent or excruciating the paint the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Orippled Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease more suffer. a well developed cyclone; that conce. Lated essence of the freedom and power of incipient manhood? He wakes up in the morning

 \mathbf{R} .

RADWAY'S READY RELIEP WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE. Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congretion of the Lungs, Palpitation of the Heart, Hypterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influence, Nervousness, Sleeplemness, Eheumatism, Sciatics, Pains in the Chest, Back or Limbs, Bruiss. Sprains, Cold Chills and Ague Chills.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or part where the difficulty or pain estates will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Gramps, Spasma, Soup Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhes, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains. ternal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Racwr's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in
water will prevent sickness or pains from change
of water. It is better than French Brandy or Ris-

tere as a stimulant, upper and nether garments. He stretches In Its Various Forms, FEVER and AGUE.

PEVER and AGUE cared for 80 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will care Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, and other Fevers daiged by RADWAT'S PILLS) so quickly M

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty Cents Per Bottle, Sold by all Dreg.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Pure blood makes ound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound, without earlies, and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT the prowling round the pantry in search of what he may devour. The school bell rings and he dashes away to school with hair uncombed, his face unweshed and multitudi-Great Blood Purifier. nous cat hairs clinging to his garments. He is sincerely repentant for discovered faults, promises hearty amendment and in the

FALSE AND TRUE.

We extract from Dr. Radway s "Treatise on Dis-case and Its Cure," as follows: List of discases oured by DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVERS Chronic skin diseases, caries of the one, human of the blood, scrofulous diseases, y dittle complaints, fever sores, chronic or old harms, and rheum, rickets, white swelling, scald head, cankers, glandular swellings, nodes, wasting and decay of the body, pimples and blotches, tumoral dyspepsia, kidney and bladder diseases, chronic rheumstam and gous, consumption, gravel and calculous deposits, and varieties of the above complaints, to which sometimes are given specious names. In cases were the system has been salivated, and murcury has accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, various veins, etc., the Barsaparillia will resolve away those deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL REMED Skin diseases, tumors, nicers and sores of all kinds, particularly chronic diseases of the skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of Dr. BADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean cost

SCROFULA

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, to within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. It possesses the same wonderful power in curing the worst forms of strumous and eruptive discharges, syphiloid ulcers, sores of the eyes, cars, nose, mouth, throat, glands, exterminating the virus of these chronic forms of disease from the blood, bones, joints, and in every part of the human body where there exists diseased deposits, ulcerations, tumors, hard lumps or scrotulous inflammation, this great and powerful remedy will exterminate rapidly and permanently.

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